TIME TRAVELLERS.

A Man Who Went to the Congo in 1853-A Surveyor of Balaklava-That Famous Field Visited.

A letter from Holmwood Village, near Dorking, says: Our sailing for the Congo is Dorking, says: Our sailing for the Congo is Dorking, says: Our sailing for the Congo is not yet returned from Italy, and we must see him before we start. I am sorry to learn that Stanley's late Chief of Transport, Major it. Francis Vetch—the brave man who figured so conspicuously in our shipwreck last summer upon the west coast of Africa—is likely to go out again before Ing to one of the deadliest regions in the whole of the Dork Continent—viz., the fatal valley of the bark Continent-viz., the fatal valley of the Dark Continer, from which another of our leliow-voyagers has just returned invalided, eaving two of his comrades behind as a ribute to the fell African-fever that spares

of African malaria amid the pure and bracing air of these glorious Surrey lulis, in whose breezy, buoyant atmosphere one feels as if one could never die. The author of "The Battle of Dorking" has made the name of this upland tract of the great chalk ridge familiar to every reading man chaik ridge familiar to every reading main Europe, but it is surprising how few, even among travelled Englishmen, have setually seen 6. I myself knew nothing whatever about it till last Thursday beyond what could be gathered from a histy glimpse through the window of a car while flying toward the south coast in an express train. the south coast in an express train.

And yet there are few districts in all Eng-And yet there are few districts in all Eng-land which are better worth seeing, espe-cially in this merry month, when cov spring is just ripening into glowing summer. True, May-day bas now lost nearly all its ancient observances, and the sturdy little apple-chesked fellows who are flourishing bunches of primroses upon sticks in front of our windows, and singing the old chorus of "Maypole, Mayole," with all the power of their tiny voices are the chorus of "Maypole, Mayole," with all the power of their tiny voices, are the sole remaining commemorators of the great festival which our Saxon ancestors celebrated with many a grim heathen rite amid the gloomy forests of Mercia 1,000 years ago. But what need of rites and observances for a day which is cele-trated by the whole creation and halled with too by correling that lives and with joy by everything that lives and moves between earth and sky? May-day is the heliday of all nature, and way worthy of the sweet old German funcy that was the day upon which "God rested rom all His work that He had made," and

from all His work that He had made," and looked down in blessing upon His com-pleted universe.

Such weather matches well with the dreamy beauty of our present surround-ings, to which we shall doubtless look back loneingly three mouths hence amid the steaming swamps and parched hillsides and bilistering glare of the Lower Congo. This could fully village of ours, cradled in the bilistering glare of the Lower Congo. This quiet little village of ours, cradled in the lap of the Surrey hills, would have been a perfect paradise of repose to the ill-fated heroine of that famous epitaph recently quoted so effectively by Sir John Lubbock, beneath the grotesque humor of which lurks a homely pathos that any one who knews what it is to be habitually overworked will fully appreciate:

"Here lies a poor woman who always was For she lived in a world where too much was required;
'Do not weep for me, friends,' thus she said 'for I'm going
To where there's no reading, nor writing,

nor sewing
Do not weep for me, friends, for when
life's thread-shall sever.
I'm going to do nothing for ever and
ever.

The distant hills that rise blue and shadowy along the northern sky seem to shut the noisy, bustling world of busy life from this "enchanted ground," in which the staunchest of Bunyan's pilgrims might have sat down to rest without shame to his manhood. Beyond those hills, barely feenty ndies away, the great whirlpool of London toars and eddies. In its eternal unrest. Pown here in this "happy valley" of ours the quiet little. English villages he slumbering in the cloudless sunstaine amid a stillness as deep and reposeful as that of the first morning of creation, when the

the first morning of creation, when the peace of God that passeth all understanding still brooded over a new-born world which had never known sin or sorrow.

These charming little noeks are certainly a vast improvement upon the fithy, tumbledown, poverty-stricken hamlets which we saw not long ago at the opposite corner of Europe, where the hot, dusty uplands of Bulgaria slope westward from the Black Sca. As rule the ordinary slav village of the Balkan peninsula has all the squalid misery of the East without any of ipeturesqueness. When you enter one of them—provided you are not eaten up alve by a pack of yelling dogs before you can do so at all—you find yourself amid a group of by a pack of yelling dogs before you can do so at all—you find yourself amid a group of wretched, crumbiling hovels, built of mid and thatched with rotting reeds, at which (as a soldier of the Irish Brigode justly remarked on seeing them to 1854.) "any respectable pig would turn up his snout." Here, as in Switzerland, large stones are piled upon the roof to prevent the wind from tearing it bodily away, which would certainly be no difficult matter. Above the crazy, half-decayed rall fence that surrounds every but rises a nondescript building very every but isses a nondescript building very much like a Neab's ark on stills, in which the sollow, beetle-browed, gray-freeked moster of the house stores the little heard of wheat or Indian corn which it is to keep his family alive during the long, dreary months of the cruel winter. Add to these "properties" a wooden plow that might have served Cain in his first attempt at tilling the ground, a few other tools equally primitive, a rude ladder, a clumsy cart without springs, a pile of split logs, equally primitive, a rude ladder, a clumsy cart without springs, a pile of split lozs, two or three dismal turkeys and a few starveling chickens looking in vain for something to est—and you have a fair idea of the "Bolgar" at home.

Little better as regards comfort, although infinitely more picture-sque in outward ap-pearance, are the quaint little fortress-like Persian villages which stud the vast plain that stretches southests ward from the great

that stretches southeastward from the great mountain wall of the Caucasus to the west-ern shore of the Capian sea. One glance at these miniature strongholds tells you that you are in a region where war in its mos pitiless form is man's natural state of exist-ence, and where for centuries past the only government has been that of the strongest gram and the sharper sword. The tiny gardens attached to the houses are shut in by massive inclosures of stone or baked clay seven or eight feet high. The houses themselves, with their thick walls, flat roots, and two with their thick walls, flat roots, and two or three small, narrow, loophole-like windows, are suggestive of casemated batteries rather than domestic habitations. The deep, desty crocked street that winds between these toy forts is much more like the moat of a castle than an ordinary thoroughfare. The lean, swarthy, wolfish faces that per out at you from the low dark doorways with the half-counting, half-feroclous look of prowling wild beasts in those keen black cyes that watch you so closely (doubtless to see whether you intend robbing others or are likely to be worth robbing yourself, carry you back at the first glance through many a dark and bloody age to those wild days when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." and wrong in those of his neighbors.

Far different are our present quarters in the "chalk region" of merry Enghand. The doorways of Holmwood Village are filled with ruddy, flaxen-haired children, instead of scowling robbers bristling with knives and pistols. The doors open with a simple thumb-latch, and any one who covets his neighbor's goods has only to go and borrow them, on account of lending his own in turn when required. The dogs, instead of yelling and bitting like ther haifstarved Eastern brethren, wag their tails drowsily, while lying ouistretched on the warm smooth turf, as though quite disposed to be friendly if it were not too much of an exertion. The cows lick your hand in place of trying to born you, and the tiny black pigs come running to meet you with affectionate though somewhat irreverent familiarity.

that, judging by their healthy faces and stalwart frames they have certainly got in full measure for the present. When a man is sure of his daily bread and daily beer—to say nothing of daily beans and cally bacen—he is not likely to spoil his digestion by rushing about the streets wito a pike or a musket. It is your men of "lean and hungry look"—as Shakspeare told us 300 years ago through the lips of Julius Cresar—who wreek cities and overturn thrones. A Conservative is merely a Radical who has had a dinner, just as a Radical is a Conservative who has not. Any man will be conservative enough so long as he has anything to conserve; but when once he finds his own pockets empty he very soon discovers that the framework of society needs reconstruction, and that "property must be transferred," (i. e., from its present possessors to himself.)

Queer as our postmaster looks he is a man of some intelligence, and has seen not a few strange places in his time. Yesterday afternoon, when we were in the little snuggery over which my "brether man of letters" presides, a printed notice caught my cyes which was not without interest under existing circumstances, for it announced the entrance of the Congo Free State into the Postail Union and the dispatch of letters to and from it at the rate of 4d. (8 cents) the half ounce, 3 cents for postal-cards, and 2 for newspapers. "I fency," said she old man, noticing our study of the placard, "the Congo's a good-deal different now from what if was in my time." "Have you been there, then?"

deal different now from what it was in my ime." "Have you been there, then?" asked I, not a little surprised to discover an African veteran among these quiet stay-at-home villagers; "that's just where Mrs. Ker and I are going next month, and where we should have gone last summer, for that matter, if we hadn't been wrecked on the way." "Wrecked!" echoed the old fellow.

matter, if we hadn't been wrecked on the way." "Wrecked!" cchoed the old fellow, with an appreciative grin; "aye, that's many a man's luck nowalays. I've been pretty near it myself once and again, I can tell you. As for the Congo, I had as much of it as I wanted, and something over in the old days of 1832, when I lay off the mouth of it for seven months on end."

"But what on earth were you doing there all that time?" inquired I. "Looking out to catch some of them Portigee slave-traders, to be sure. They're at the bottom of all the mischief that gaes on out there, blast 'em. Whenever you see the Portigee flag fiving anywhere along that coast you may take your oath there's some east you may take your oath there's some

villany alloat."

"And I bope you caught the rescale,"

"Said I, recollecting all that Stanley told me last November about the ruffiancy kidnaplast November about the rufflancy kidnap-pers of Angola. "Yes, we ketched two or three of 'em, sure enough; but it took a precious long time to do it, and we were all mortal tired of the place long afore out time was up. The best fun was when we were sent up the river in our boats to get wood and weter, for them we could go ashore and stretch our less a bit, and try our hands at shooting game, and have a palayer with some of the native kings. Queer customers they were, them black hings, and no mistake; but I s'pose you've seen plenty of 'em yourself, for that maier."
"Yes, we saw a good many of them of

"Yes, we saw a good many of them on the Kroo coast after we were wrecked; Mrs. Ker sketched three of them in one morning." "Aye, they're worth sketch-ing, the old Guy Fawkeses-reg'lar figure-of fun as ever I saw. There was one old regue there in my time (King Sambo Jambo, or some sitch heathenisn name.) that was always a coming down to us to see if he could find anything to his liking, and could find anything to his liking; and there were precious few things that weren't to his liking, I can promise you. when once he got his claws on 'em. Sitch a boy for rum I never saw in all my life; I b'live he'd ha' drunk a whole cask at one go, if you'd given it to him. But next to rum there was nothing he liked so well as old cans and meat-tins, though what use as old cans and meat-tins, though what use they could be to him when he'd get 'en I'll be whipped if I can tell. Many's the time that I myself have gone up and got a log of wood from him as big as that" (and the ancient mariner held out his bands wide apart in illustration) " in return for two empty meat-caus that were not worth 21." "But you didn't get very far up the Congo, I suppose?" "No, we didn't, nor analysis dese neither, not in them days.

"But you didn't get very far up the Congo, I suppose?" "No, we didn't, nor anybody clse, neither, not in them days. You see, this was long before Muster Stanley came, and nobody knowed anything about the river then, except just the cirity miles from the sea up to the missionary station at Embomma. We just knew that it was the Congo, but where it came from, or what it did on the way, we didn't know no more than the man in the moon. We could tell, though, that it must be a good, big river, for it came out with such a rush this river, for it came out with such a rush that it made a current of six or seven knots an hour, all told, and the earth that it brought down stained the sea as brown as beer for hundreds and bundreds of

My wandering friend, the postmaster, is not the only traveller in this neighborhood. Barely two miles away from our door, in an old-fashloned farm-house on the wooded slope of Leith Hill, lives a man whom I last saw in his office under the shadow of the Kremin during one of my flying visits to Moscow. The elergyman of our village, who is now quietly established in a saug-little English vicarage half buried in overshadowing trees, has heard the tiger's roar at midnight in the jungles of Bengal, and has seen the broad, smooth stream of the Ganges mirroring the towers and temples of ancient Benares. More than one of the strapping fellows in darkblue who tenant the county police-station two doors below our cottage have an opright bearing and bold military stride suggestive of their having faced in

inpright bearing and hold military stride surgestive of their having faced in their time worse dangers than a drunken plowman, a runaway horse, or some frisky young "Jack Horner" of a buil. My present landlord, too, whom I can see as I write, working away manfully with his spade in a field on the other side of the road, is a veteran of the Seventeenth Lancers, on the wall of whose tiny parter hangs a medal inscribed with names which are household words to every Englishman. "Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, Schastopol," Thrity-two years ago, when his iron-gray hair was black and his weather-beaten visage round and ruddy, he trenshed earthworks under a hali of Russion shells and round shot upon the fatal plateau that faced the destroying batteries of the Redan, and rode in the ranks of the immental "six hundred" who went so fearlessly to their doom down the "valley of death" at Balaklava on that terrible autumn afternoon in October, 1854.

On a clear, bright morning in the later autumn, while the memory of the great conflict was still fresh, I tramped along the Balaklava Valley in company with Henworth Dixon, wishing to follow as closely as possible by actual observation the details of the famous charge. At first sight, indeed, the spot showed little trace of what had been. Man's ravage is transient as himself, and on the field of slaughter where so many hundreds of braye men had died in vain the grass grew fresh and green, and the sheep fed peacefully on the rich herbage that covered twelve hundred copyses, and the sheep fed peacefully on the rich herbage that covered twelve hundred copyses, and the sun shone brighty overhead, and the burds caroled merrily

the rich herbage that covered twelve hundred corpses, and the sun shone brightly overhead, and the burds caroled merrily around us, and the butterflies hovered rejoicingly on the warm, dreamy air, as it neither sight nor sound of war had disturbed that beautiful valley since the world began. But as I glanced downward there looked up at me through one of the rifts made in the soft earth by the summer rains, while and bare and ghastly, a human skull, cloven down to the very eve-sockets by the deep, straight gash that showed where an Engsish sabre had gone home through helmet and through head. One strade beyond it a few splittered bones, evidently shattered by a cannon-half, told that the slaver had fallen with the slain. And there the brave fallen with the slain. And there the brave men lie side by side, sleeping their list sleep together in brotherly wise, till the

voice of Him who makes wars to cease throughout all the world shall call them to the peace that endureth forever.

The financiers of the day were at the wits' end, as well they might be, when, with a greyionsly impoverished excheque and a growing burden of debt, they were called upon to provide for the King's extravagances. What they implied may be intiged by the facts that, after all the economies of St. Germidin and Necker, the household of Louis KV. consisted of 6, to persons in receipt of incomes varying from £6,000 to £500 of our money; that the value of the gold-lace upon the uniforms and liveries of the Maison du Roy entailed an annual expenditure of at least £30,00, and that the harem of the King was minimized at a yearly cost of from £3,280,000 to (in 1773) £5,800,000.

Fast Steamers.

The rage for fast passages still continues, and coal, oil, and finemen's wages are not allowed to enter into the problem. The anther of "Merehant Shipping" vigorously declaimed ten years ago against what be called "the alir ost insane desire for increased speed in locomotion by land and by sea" by persons who were not aware, or who did not consider, that high speed involved increased dancer, and accordingly [Fortnightly.] who did not consider, that high speed involved increased danger, and accordingly
increased cost in navigation. It is no doubt
true, as he observed, that high speed car
only be maintained by high power, and
that high speed and bigh power require
stronger parts in everything—in the
material of which the ship is built, as we
as additional firemen and expenditure of
fuel. All this is well understood by ship
builders, who can strengthen the vessels builders, who can strengthen the vesse they turn out to any speed that is required leaving the extra expenditure entirely t the owners for which they are intended. A to the extra danger, so far as has yet been experienced, travelling by a fast boat is no more risky than travelling by a fast train and authorities on railway maders gone raily agree as to the fact that express trainraily agree as to the fact that express trains are the safest. The vessel that is the shortest time in darger if the system of insurance is considered, and the vessel that can go twenty miles in hour in clear weather can lay to for hours in thick weather or fog; while, as admitted by the chairman of the Conerd Company at the list meeting, the full capital of a single fast Atlantic liner is saved in a year by the maintenance of full capital of a single first Atlantic liner is saved in a year by the maintenance of special services with a boat less. When the Collins Line was competing with the Cunard, Mr. Bayard, one of the management, in speaking on behalf of his proposal to "run the Cunarders off the Atlantic," said; "We must have speed—extraordinary speed—a speed with which our vessels can overtake any vessel they runsite, and escale from any vessel they pursue, and escape from any vessel they wish to avoid." The Cupard Company gained in the strugel, partly through good fortune and partly through superior management, though not as regards speed. But Mr. Bayard's ideas are culturely reciprocated at the present time, when high-class morehant vessels are selected to act as armed cruisers on the mere rumor of war as the best for pursuit or avoidance of war as the best for pursuit or avoidance of the enemy at most remunerative rates. In actual war such vessels could ran the Al-iantic blockade, while it would be unsafe to allow slow vessels to put to sea, for their capture would be certain, and they would only serve to re-plenish the coal-bunkers of the ene-my's fast cruisers. Commercial men are naturally in favor of comfortable and fast Aliantic steamers, and eleciam against are naturally in favor of comfortable and fast Atlantic stemers, and declaim against slow ships as vehemently as they would against a railway parliamentary train. They may be found in their usual corner of a Lendon city restaurant on the first day of the month, and at the same table on the last day will be able to tell you what they had for digner in Delmonico's, New York, or to the chief restaurant of the western towns. n the chief restaurants of the western towns s well as on board the vessel out and hom

An Exciting Performance,

At Denvey in the winter of 1863, the principal theatre was ron under the management of John Langrish. At that time some 6,000 Union soldiers were stational there. The soldiers took great interest in the theatre and were its minimum. there. The soldiers took great interest in the theatre, and were its principal for at least its most enth siastic) patrons. Every night the house was crowded—particularly the gallery—with soldiers. To please the boys in bite Mr. Laugrish put on the "siege of Lucknow." Both men and officers took great interest in the piece. They were determined that it should be produced in fine style. The soldiers made a lot of bombs to be used in the fort scene, the officers allowed two cannot to be made a lot of bombs to be used in the for scene, the officers allowed two cannon to be trought to the theatre for use in the same scene, and about fifty men armed with muskets, volunteered to act as the army of natives. For two or three days previous to the night when the piece was to be pre-sented there were more soldiers at work or the stage and about the theatre than helper-or one other kind. They bessed all the of any other kind. They bossed all the

warlike preparations.

The great night came, and the soldiers had the house. Not only were they in the gallery, but they also filled the seats on the lower floor. Mrs. Languish took the part lower floor. Mrs. Langrish took the part of Jessie Brown. When the attack was made on the fort the firing was terrific. Then bombs began to fall into the fort. These were bails of yarn containing gunpowder. In order to produce a good effect the reckless soldiers who made these imitation bombshells had piaced in each nearly half a pound of powder. They made a report as loud as the largest China bombs. The bombs made it mightly hot for poor Jessie Brown. In less than half a minute ter dress was on fire in two or three places, her dress was on fire in two or three place and everybody expected to see her best a retreat, but those with her in the for smothered her burning dress and she stood

her ground.

The supposition among the people of the the arre was that the cannon were not loaded. The priming of the pieces was to be flashed and a dum was to be struck to imitate the report. But some soldiers had slipped into report. But some soldiers had slipped into one of the cannon a cartridge containing about two pounds of powder. When those in front had begun to reply to the fire of the attacking party this cann was touched off, and it blew a hade through the side of the theatre nearly eight feet square. This excited the soldiers in front, and those in the gallery began firing their revolvers up into the celling, while those below turned loose into the floor. In a few seconds the whole place was so full of pewder-smoke that one could hardly see. The light presented the appearance of street-lamps seen through a dense fog. The excuse that the soldiers afterwards made for riddling the floor and celling was that all was so much like a real battle that they forced where they were and so began firing before they realized what so began firing before they realized what they were about. That night all "the boy-in blue" felt that they got the full worth of their money.

## [Saturday Review.]

"I am much in love with fencing," says young Squire Mockmode in Farquhar's "Love and a Bottle," "but I think backsword is the best play," This is a sentiment which mest thorough-going Englishmen probably endorsed at heart, even in days when fashion required every man with any pretence to "quality" to wear the small-sword and to learn its correct use from some Frenchified master, such as Farquhar's Nimblewrist, Fencing, in its restricted sense of purely thrusting play. restricted sense of purely thrusting play, always was, and is still, an exotic art in England, and the fact that art in Eugland, and the fact that the most athletic nation bever produced a fencer of European note—if we accept the Admirable Crichton, but that was a very long time ago—sufficiently shows that it never was really popular among us. Indeed, unless something considerably better than the brutal and haphazard scrimmage which nowadays passes for freeling at most assaults at-arms is displayed to the public there is every likelihood of the boble art of fence falling into still greater discredit as a pursuit of sport. But our truly national swordsmanship. throughout all the world shall call them to the peace that endureth forever.

In the most account of leading his own in turn when required. The dogs, in stead of yelling and bitting like ther ball-starved Eastern brethren, wag their tails drowsity, while lying outstretched on the warm smooth turf, as though quite disposed to be friendly if it were not too much of an exertion. The cows lick your hand in place of trying to born you, and the fully black pigs come running to meet you with offictionate though somewhat irreverent familiarity.

The inhabitants of this quaint hitle spot are as primitive as itself. Floods, fires, doctors, kawyers, newspapers, epidemics, and other public calamides are aimost unbecame one public calamides are aimost unbecame one of the newspapers, possible doctrines which dike fany not sociable doctrine

William Marshall, the Famous

poser. [Aberdeen Press.]

[Aberdeen Press.]

The stranger who visits the pretty village of Craigellachle, where the Spey, a few miles below Aberlour, is joined by the Fiddleh, will not fail to be struck with the diversified aspect of the landscape—the concentration in one spot of all the features that constitute the charm of natural scenery. Hills blank and bare to the sumuit; other hills shank and bare to the sumuit; other hills shang; with clothing forests, from which peeps forth here and there some stately residence, once the stout fortalice of rude and warlike chieftains; narrow gorges, in whose rocky depths the rivulet twinkles; wider glens, with grassy slopes, futted with birch and hazel, winding with the curves of the river, and most striking of ail. the broad strath of the Spey, spreading like a lake of verdure from base to hase of the retiring hills, all these being complehended in one sweep of the eye. He will admire the graceful arch of interfacing from with which Telford spanned a dark and swirling pool of the Spey, over which on one side rases a perpendicular erag, so that to those approaching from the other the path seems to run right against the cliff and nuther progress to be unpossible, unless some make seame should open the solid rock. Further down the river, and put the massive iron-girded briege by which rock. Further down the river, and pis rock. Further down the river, and pist the massive iron-girded bridge by which the Highland railway crosses the Spey, he will observe on the left bank a handsomiarm-house sheltered with trees. This is Dandateith, and if he has a Scotchman for a guide, he will not fail to be told that there for the last ten years of his life dwelt Wilnum Marshall, the composer of some of our best Scottish music, and, in his own style, an admirable performer on the violin. There he died in 1833, bequeathing to his country those strains which are familiar and dear to every Scottish heart, and promise to live as long as Scottish national life shall maintain its individuality; and leaving what may be of less interest to us, but ing what may be of less interest to us, but what is more honorable to him, a stainless rejutation—a memory like a pure and wholesome breath wafted to us from the Just.

Five miles above Craigellachie, near the banks of the Fiddich, is Duffown, close by which is the church of Mortlach, of

by which is the church of Mortaca, of ancient renown, embowered among the trees that fringe the Dullan. In the ad-joining manse there is a portrait of Mar-shall, in the safe-keeping of those by whom he is held in most honored remembrance. In this picture—a large off-painting ex-ceuted to the order of the Duke of Gor-don, Marshail's employer and patron—he is represented as a man somewhat above mid-dle age, with a frank, once, kindly face, represented as a man somewhat above made age, with a frank, open, kindly face, expressive of screnity and intelligence. He is scated, violin in hand, wearing the usual garb of a gentleman of the period—high vest and collar, with the neckerchief folded as in the portraits of Burns, while the posture and the dress show to the best advanced by the contract laboration. iure and the dress show to the best advantage a pair of very shapely lower limbs.

A few miles further up the Fiddleh is the farm of Keithmore, of which Marshail was farm of Keithmore, of which Marshail was tenant for many years, while at the same time performing the functions of factor or tand-steward for the Duke of Gordon. There are old people in the neighborhood still who have a clear recollection of how his life here was peaceful and sectuded, unmarked by such incidents or eccentricities as tradition loves to dwell upon, to magnify, and to distort. Although at Keithmore he was growing an old Rethmore he was growing an old man, his devotion to his instrument seems never to have flugged. He would play by himself for hours, and when wearied with sitting he would walk round and round the room, still play-ing. Occasionally a musical friend would drop in. Then books were produced and arranged on the table, at which, opposite cach ether, down sat the pair, and then, eays our informant, "It was jist gran" to hear the soun come boomin' to the kitchie." It was while he resided at Keitsmore that Marshall collected and arranged his music for publication. An old servant of his re-members his absence in Edinburgh for some time superintending the publication, and his return with a great box containing

and his return where a reasonable in many of the volumes.

It has been said that Marshall's career presents nothing startling or eventful. Too often musical talent such as his has been the many for irresularities of often musical talentsuch as his has been the occasion and excuse for irregularities of life. His celebrated contemporary, Neil Gow, much inferior as a composer, however he may have stood in comparison with Marshall as a player, has recorded his partiality for whisky in the names of some of his strains, and stories of him that have floated down to us owe their point and raciness to his convivial propensities, but no such reproach (though not in his own time a reproach at all) clings to Marshall's memory. From a fumble position shall's memory. From a humble position he rose, by dint of sterling worth and abil-ity, to comfort and independence—to what, indeed, in his day, might be called alluence. But some few traditions related to him still linger at Glenfiddich, lovingly enlarged, or embellished, no doubt, in the process of were heard from the lips of a bright-eyed d man who was once in his service. He had learnt the watchmakin', ye see,

an' that made him handy, an' he was naterally o' a mechanical turn. If ony-thing gaed wrang wi' his fiddles, big or little, for he played baith, he needed little, for he played baith, he needed nacbody's help to mee'd them. He made a wonderfor' clock, a' wi' his an hands—an awsteronomical clock, I think, they ca'd it, wi' a dial, that showed, no the hour no' the meenit only, but days an' weeks an' months, an' sizzons—a' but leap year, an' he couldn'a get owre that. Ance when it goed wrang it was gien to a watchmaker in Dufflown to repair; but mind ve, the watchmaker had just lo work to Marshali's orders. Free wi' his sryants? He was that I assure ve. I work to Marshali's orders. Free wi' his servants? He was that, I assure ye. I mind ae nieht when anither lad and me were playia' the dambrod in the kitchie, an' we had drawn the squares on the selate, an' oer plees were cut roon' and square oot o' a slice o' turniy. Weel, Marshall cam' ben, and lookit on the game a wee; and then says he, "This is the move I would mak?'"; and when he put his linger doon an' touched the soft, sappy bit neep he lifted it wi' a kin' o' scunner and said, "Ye must his something better than this, lads;" an' away he gaes, makes a grand wooden dambrod, wi' black an' white squares, an' cuts oot the men frae a sheet o' leather an' brings it to us the vera next meht; an' wi mony queer guesses an' puzzles he used to pose us, so "Tak ane frae a increen an' leave twenty," an' sie like. You would like to hear hoo as "Tak ane frae nincteen an' leave twenty," an' sie like. You would like to hear hoo he Duke first took notice o' bira. There's different ways o't; but, as I hae it, be was to'en when quite a laddie, alang wi' ithere, to drive the game and beat the bushes for a great shootin' party at Gordon Castle. When the day's sport was owre, and the When the day's sport was owre, and the game colleckit at ac place in the wood, the Duke notice d i fox that had been shot, and sair shet, for it was a' covered wi' bluid. "Here, my boy," said he to Marshall, "Carry this to the castle." "Na," said Marshall, "I winna dae that," "Why not?" said the Duke surprised. "It'll spoil my jacket," said Marshall. "Your jacket," said the Duke, takin' a guid look at the laddie, "I should think it is past spoiling (for it was well worn and tattered). But if you are so careful of an old jacket you must be a very careful of an old jacket you must be aver-eareful had indeed. Carry the fox to the eastle, my boy, and if your jacket get spoiled I'll see that you get a better." The Duke took him into his service there and

"Ye've seen the picter o' Marshall, but maybe ye dinna ken it was the outcome of a wager of the Duke's. This is hoo it was: The Duke, when he was livin' in England. chanced to be in a company where some time foreign fiddlers were playin'. Every-body was admirin' the fine music and prais-

". You have nothing like that in your country, said one of the English gentry to the Duke. 'Far better, I assure you,' said the Duke, streetchin' a wee for the honour o' the Helants. 'I could find a blacksmith in my country to beat them.'
"'A hundred guiveas you don't,' said

"A hundred guireas you don't, said the gentleman.

"Done,' said the Duke, determined to uphand the honour o' the Heilants.

"Weel, it was agreed then and there that the gentry present an' the fine foreign fill dlers should a' meet at Gordon Castle on a certain day to see the wager decided. But when the Duke had time to cool he was mad wit himsel' for bein's or rude an' hasty, an' it was mae sae mickle the loss o' the hunner guineas as the thocht that the honor o' the Heilants was at stace that was vexin' him, Hocever, at long last be thocht he saw a way out o' the difficulty, an' he slippit away quiety to the North, and cam' buck without onviody kennin' o't. Some time affor that, on the day fixed, the Duke an' the English gentlemen an' the fine foreign fiddiers were

opens, an' in comes a burly blacksmith, booin' low to the company, wi' his leather apion on, wi' siecres rowed up to the shouthers, an' a Kilmarnock cowi on his head, an' his face an' his naked arms were black and grimy wi' smuddy coomb.

"Then the Duke says. 'You're a good fiddler, i hear. Now, here are some gentlemen who are good fiddlers, too, and I would like that you should hear each other play.'

would like that you should bear each other play.'

"But hoo the English gentry an' the fine foreign fiddlers grinned, as they saw the clumsy-lookin' blacksmith, wi' brawny airms an' hands black wi' coal dust.

"Will you play?' said the Duke.

"I dinna mind tryin', your grace,' said the blacksmith; 'but I'm some fley't to begin afore the strangers wi' sic grand lookin', iddles. Maybe they'li play a spring figst.'

"Weel, the Duke noddit to the foreigners, and they took up their fiddles an' played their best wi' mony a quirk an' cantrip, and wonderfu' tirly-wirlies, na doot, an' the blacksmith stude and listened. 'Could you do anything hic that?' said one of the English gentlemen to the blacksmith. 'I dinna ken, but I'll try,' said the blacksmith; and wi' that he steppit forrit to take up ane o' the bonnie fiddles; but the owner o't whuppit it up, saying: 'Friend, I scareely care to trust my unstrument to such hands as yours. Have you not a violin of your own?'

"Bring my fiddle here,' cried the Duke. It was brocht and placed in the blacksmith's hands, but what a twistin' and scrapin' he had wi't afore he could get it in tune, and then he gied twa or three scrauchs wt' the bow that set their vera teeth on edge, and

hands, but what a twistin' and scrapin' he had wi't afore he could get it in tune, and then he gied twa or three scrauchs wi' the bow that set their vera teeth on edge, and the English gentlemen theet the hunner guineas as good as won, but the next moment the blacksmith strauchtened aimself up and began to play see sait and sweetly that in a wee while the tears were runnin' down their cheeks. Then, on a sudden, be sent the bow across the strings in a different fashion as he played spring after spring, till een begood to sparkle an' thoombs to crack, and in a wee while they were a' boochin' and dancin' like mad through the room, at least the Scotch pairt o' the company. At ony rate they a' agreed that the blacksmith had won the day, and the Duke his wager, and I daursay ye dinna need to be tell't that the blacksmith was juist Murshall in disguise. The Duke was sae well pleased wi' the way Marshall had performed his pairt that he had his picter ta'en wi' the fiddle in his hand as ye saw.''

In these days, when music in all its forms has become familiar to the Scottish car, and new musical compositions flow out on the public in endiess and ever-increasing stream, it may be thought extravagent to claim remembrance and praise for a man who wrote Strathspeys a century

creasing stream, it may be thought extravagant to claim remembrance and praise to a tran who wrote Strathspeys a century ago. We fear, indeed, that high-dring artists and professors would deay any merit at all to the Strathspeys as a musical composition. But by your leave, most learned contrapunts, there is a bigher law than yours that assigns its true value to a work of art. The final award rests in the general sentiment of a race or people, which the most acute and accomplished. erities often miserably misapprehend. The simple ballad of some unknown minstrel, and the sublime emanations of Shakspeare's genius, live and endure because they have a quality in common, however different in degree. They address themselves to the popular intelligence, they awaken a direct ceho in the human bosom, they stand in need of no interpreter, they have that indefinable something which Sir Joshua Reyno'ds, when looking at a picture where he
could perceive no fault, yet which did not
satisfy him could only express by saying,
"It wants that" (snapping his finger and "It wants that" (snapping his finger and thumb). It is of no use to plend for a work that it is constructed according to the most approved rules of ait, or to estimate it by the measure of tabor or ingenuity bestowed upon it. If it wants the vital essence which no labor can give, however it may please and dazzle for a time, it will pall and perish in the end. The floods of light hierature and music which daily roll into public notice roll just as fast out of it, never to return. But the best strathspeys are as popular to-day among scotchmen as they were a hundred years ago, and it seems almost certain that they will live as long as Scottish nationality lives. It is only the narrow pedant who would attempt to sneer down a form of music which It is only the narrow pedant who would attempt to sneer down a form of music which commends itself to a race whose history and whose literature attest their possession of those qualities to which the highest forms of music are thought to appeal—depth and ardor of feeling, and that susceptibility to the ficroest or tenderest emotions implied in the perfervidum ingenium Scotorum of old. The Strathspey or reel, for the difference between them is slight.

Scoterum of old. The Strathspey of reel, for the difference between them is slight, is the distinctive form of Scoten music. We have much melody wedded to our old songs that is sweet, quant, and pathetic, and of worldwide appreciation—but it cannot be called characteristically Scoten. Indeed, much of it led doubtles resupered some of it conthe strategy is the strategy and the strategy is the strategy is indigenous to the soil—racy of it as its whiskey and its heather. To the Scottish ear it conveys something more than mere includy and measure. It breathes a spirit, a life, a contagious ele-ment, which kindles and quickers the blood, and arouses emotions which no here sensuous flow of dulect sound could mere sensuous flow of dulect sound could ever excite. To have achieved excellence in a style of music so popular and so national is no mean boast, and Marshall's claim to be the composer of our best Straths-flys is searcely contosted. Burns calls him "the first composer of Straths-peys of the age." Another notice of him says: "The correctness of his car was unrivalled, and his style of playing reels and Straths-peys lively and inspiring, while his fine taste and peculiarly touching manner of exceuting the slow and more plaintive Scottish airs and melodies delighted all who heard him."

His best Strathspeys are contained in the original publication, which appeared in 1822. He issued some time afterwards a supplement in which the tunes are of in-

LADIES AT THE CZAR'S COURT. Some of the Beautiful and Talented Women Who Figure in St. Peters-

burg Society. A writer in the London Pall-Mall Gazet says: The voluble diplomatist who has for some time past been endeavoring to throw, by the aid of the Nouvelle Revue, some light on the vie inlime of the great European courts, has now added to his sketches one on the society of St. Peters-burg. This ought to be the most in-teresting of the series of letters, for Count teresting of the series of letters, for Count Vasili claims to be a Russian (although ble rendering of the Russian name Vassil would lead one to believe that he had not often heard it pronounced in bis native tongue), and as such he may naturally be supposed to be well acquainted with the society of his country. Judging, however, from the first part of his letter, which has just been published, and which deals only with Russian country. and which deals only with Russian court life, this is not the case. Count Vasili has friends at court, no doubt, but the court is friends at court, no doubt, but the court is not a sphere of which, collectively, he can speak with authority. A few of the great number of men and women who make the brilliancy of that court are singled out for analysis; the names of the majority of courtiers are conspicuous by their absence. Beginning with a description of the Emperor, we get a meagre sketch of Alexander III., who, after being pictured as hard-working, reserved. being pictured as hard-working, reserved and awkward, not above the average in

and awkward, not above the average in-telligence of mankind, trying to appear amiable, although la monds l'ennete, an excellent husband and father, but occa-sionally brusque and violent, is dismissed with the following remark: "With all his faults he is a man endowed with a very sound judgment, of firm and sincere pa-triotism, who will never compromise the country over the fate of which he pre-sides. He is dismitled knows how to grancountry over the fate of which he pre-sides. He is dignified, knows how to guard the national honor, will not hesitate to face our cnemies, and will give in to no one." About the Grand Dukes of Rus-sia any member of St. Petersburg society has probably far more to teil than Count Vasill. The beir-apparent and the Empe-ror's younger children inhabit as yet the school-room and nursery, and are treated on the principle that children should be seen and not heard. The real interest of the letter centres in the sketches of a few ladies of the Russian Court, first among the letter centres in the sketches of a few ladies of the Russian Court, first among whom is the Empress Marie, sister to the Princess of Wales. One point about the Empress is at once made clear—namely, that she is no political woman and has not the slightest desire to appear such. Concerning the sffairs of State and Government there is complete silence between her and the Emperor—intriguing at a court where intrigue has ever played a formidable part is as far from her as prying into political affairs, and she enjoys life with the love of a girl of fifteen for dress, and dancing, and all things amusing. That she is incipable of court intrigue no one will doubt who accepts the Count's summary of the charac-

the day fixed, the Duke an' the English gentiemen an' the fine foreign fiddiers were a 'met at Gordon Castle, and there was some sly winkin' and jestin' at the Duke's expense as they sat waitin' for the wonderfull' blacksmith, and the Duke himsel' was gevan fidgety—no for the hunner guiness by the ken, but the honour o' the Heilants—an' aye he was ringin' the bell, an' askin' if ony visitor bad arrived. At last ane o' the servants said, 'Your Grace, there's a blacksmith been sittin' some time in the kitchen wantin' to see you, but we could not allow him to come into your Grace's presence until be should wash and cleen himself, and that he'll not do,'

"Show him up at once,' said the Duke, in a passion, 'Just as hets.' Weet, the door

ed accordingly, and it is for this reason that no one can reproach her with the machinations of certain sovereigns. She never descends to the intrigues of the ante-chamber, and is content to be the angel of her home, the protectress of numerous benevolent establishments in which she is interested in her capacity as a compassionate woman. She visits these establishments, delights her protégés by her presence, and produces wherever she appears the effect of a sunbeam in the dark sky."

A WOMAN OF QUITE ANOTHER STAMP. and one which might form the principal figure in any tales of the secrets of court life, is the Grand-Duchess Marie Paulovin, the wife of the Emperor's brother, Grand-Duke Vladimir. The Grand Duke Would be an entirely inoffensive being were it not for the Grand Duchess. Born a German princess, she hates the land of her adoption and remains German to the core of her heart:

heart;
"She does an enormous deal of harm to "She does an enormous deal of harm to Russia by her reports of things which pass in that country. Given up to Bismarck, who insolently rejoices at this, she has taken and still takes advantage of her position to make him acquainted with the secret designs of Russian policy, she will not or can not see the odiousness of the part she plays, and which consists in betraying her country to the foreigner. " The The Grand-Duchess Vladium; is a restiess soul, a tortured spirit, consumed with a

The Grand-Duchess Vladimir is a restless soil, a tertured spirit, consumed with a craving for notoriety; after having obtained all she aspired to she is dejected because she has everything she can desire."

As a contrast to the striking figure of the intriguing woman may stand the young Grand-Duchess Elizabeth Feodrovna, lately married to another brother of the Emperor, the Grand-Duches Sergius:

"She is a pretty, graceful, amiable woman, with a kind word for everybody, a smile for all the world. Little used to society as she is as yet, it is difficult to judge of her mental powers, but she athacts by her beauty, by the sweet expression of the eyes and her whole face. She recalls to mind the fair, delicate English women who are adorned with keepsakes, and her melancholy air adds to the resemblance."

The sister of the celebrated General Stobeleff, the Countess Beautharnais, is another beleff, the Countess Beauharnais, is another

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"She belong to that class of women who are predestined from all eternity to become notorious. Extremely ambitious and devoid of prejudices and scruples, of a quasiroyal indifference to anything that may be said, she publishes abroad what others would try to hide, and in her splendid arrogance she seems to defy estumny and bid it be silent. She is an intoxicating being, and I myself have always felt my heart palpitate whonever I approached her. She appeals to every one of the senses of the nen who come in counted with her, fascinating, seducing, and maddening by a single movement of her shoulders. " "She will have her ups and downs, and may even have to submit to disgrace; but she will triumph over all, for she has a head of iron and a heart of diamond." mond."

these latter, but of the sister of the dashing General something more than the average allowance of fire and firmness may be expected. The woman who, after the imperial princesses, holds the most important position at court, is the Princess Relene Kotschoubey, the mistress of ceremonies and the motherly friend of the Empress, whom, we are told, "she protects by her mere presence. She has often made me whom, we are told, "she protects by the mere presence. She has often made me think," continues Count Vasili, "when I have seen her in her court costume, of those holy images which in our country are suspended in the corner of every room. She is the icor of the imperial court." The Princess Kotschouley has seen a great deal of life in Russia and at the Russian court; she knews manking thing, thought about everything, and never forgotten anything. To-day the dignity the largest European court rests on his shoulders, and with great tact and last? she tules everything pertaining to cal or court intrigue, devoting her ambition to other spheres more adapted to her talents. This is how Count Vasili de-scribes her: "I know not a more original figure than

"I know not a more original figure than that of the Princess Kotschouber, and I have hardly ever met a woman of her intelligence and mental superiority. She realizes one of the most difficult problems of lifenamely, that of having always had her own way, of having bridged the deepest abysses where human reputation can be darkened, of having even descended into these depths without, however, leaving behind her the smallest part of the cloak of social consideration in which she is constantly enveloped. A woman of the world to the very ed. A woman of the world to the very tips of her fingers, she has not only made the world forgive her, but, what is far more difficult, she has forced it to be silent on the adventures of her youth, which sh has always treated so much from above, and with such supreme distain that even those who have witnessed them have almost be-gun to doubt the fact of lawing seen them. By the mere force of haughtiness the Prin-By the mere force of laughtiness the Prin-cess had made herself respected and honor-ed like few other persons. This haughti-ness, which is said to border on inso-ience, and with which she is often re-proached, is only a manifestation of the su-periority which this extraordinary nature recognizes in herself. Women like Mme. Kotschoubey are becoming very rare. She represents a type which has at present dis-appeared, that of the great lady who has her sympathies, her aversions, and her her sympathies, her aversions, and her preferences, who does not hide them, and who, while being equally polite to everybody, has nevertheless the courage to keep every one in his place, making those who rejoice in having her good graces feel that she does not confound them with the multiple?

the Count shows once more that, besides being a diplomatist and a gossip, he is a psychologist of no mean standing, who, however, after having exhausted the sub-lect of Mdme. Kotschoubey, hurries to the end of the first part of his letter without stopping to notice any further dignitary of the Court of St. Petersburg.

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